

Judge A. W. Torrey  
Mayville  
N.Y.

Wadsworth Hancock Co. Illinois

June 9<sup>th</sup> 92

Dear Sir

Having been reading  
the "Bystanders Notes", you are responsible for the enclosed  
which, as you will see is "more truth than poetry." If the "notes"  
have the same effect upon others, had, at you better stop?

Yours Truly

A. H. Worthen

I'm just a plain old farmer with a few things to say  
 An I'm goin' to put em to ym straight, in an open handed way,  
 I'll set em down in black an white, while in the writin mood,  
 I'd plain language sometimes, does a jelled lots of good,  
 Have you old eds forgot, in 65- ym promised we was  
 I'd we'd let up on ym, ym'd be good citizens,  
 An behave ym selves, an observe the law, an oath  
 And have, ym repeatedly violated both,  
 We trusted what ym said, an took ym in,  
 How was we rewarded? With a murdered Lincoln!  
 You've stuffed ballot boxes, burned school houses, an black'd men at the State  
 An killed white ones on account of their opinions,  
 An acted generally, like old Satan's ministers,  
 You've done all these, an ym've done things worse,  
 An now, you stop it! Less ym want another fusse,  
 I am fer peace, I know fightin aint no fun,  
 But if we cant have whats right, without it,  
 Then I'm fer it, with a gun,  
 There's some good ones among ye, but thurs lots that's worse  
 Than Quantrell, or Wounded, or Ole Wirz,  
 If I cant live in peace, long with another race  
 I'd not go to Killin of em, off, I'd go some other place  
 Though I dont know when ym'd go, or when ym'd find ym level  
 Ym not contacted any wher, thout ym's raisin of the devil

## II

When I see such cowardness, I feel like talking rough.  
As I tell you peacewinners right flat, this things gone far enough.  
With your ideas, it may seem brave for white men two or three,  
To shoot or kill another man, or hang him to a tree,  
But to a common middill, not Southern Chivalry,  
It is neither right, not least, not brave, But cruel & cowardly.  
The old style of Carolinians and Virginians  
Didnt conduct themselves like a parcel of indians  
Your ancestors before ye were noble an true,  
If they can look back, what do they think of you?  
Was cut an hack a man cause he's black  
An drive him to death, with a hound on his track,  
God made me black, just stop an think upon it,  
Perhaps he had good reasons when he done it  
"Hate a nigger"! Do ye? Now I sorto specks  
It depends considerable about the age & sex  
an I dont know how you can make me whitened  
Except your ole plan for makin of em lighter  
In yer old slaving days, when you lost yer bet,  
Did ye never sell your children for to pay yer debts?  
"Got blood" have ye! Perhaps you Southern brothers,  
Has been a savin what you've drawed from others,  
You aint got one thing to brag on, Less it is yer women  
They're the right sort, Ye never find them sinners

III

You couldnt find, An hunt yer whole pack over  
 One with a tawny skin, that had a white mother  
 Theres a record for ye. But they stand alone,  
 I dont believe you have much pride in yer own,  
 An I tell you open. Its a mystery to me  
 How they can even respect such fellers as you be,  
 When yer doin yer shootin, how in creation  
 Do you know but your Killin some near relation?  
 An when yer hangin, it spears to me  
 Some ort to be hung on yer family tree.

The north is filled with "righteous wrath." Not "blinded by her hate."  
 If blind. Shes strength to hold the gun, An God will find her straight.  
 He'd ort to smite ye with his sword, An drive it to the hilt.  
 An the wicked things that ye have done, An the blood that ye have spilt.  
 If you want free trade, an silver an whiskey, Have em!  
 With free love thrown in, what we want is free men an winners  
 If our congressmen aint got the nerve to pass the "Election Bill"  
 Were plenty more that has the grit, An will send em there that will.  
 It spears like all the interest our politicians take  
 Is in whats for their own, An not for Gods sake.  
 Now theres a few things you've got to do. Jest go to talkin notes.  
 The first is stop yer murdering, ye stop a stealin votes  
 I spent nigh four year to the war, I dont want for another  
 An I'd rather stay here on the farm, long of the girls an mother  
 An tend the cows, an watch the bees, gatherin honey from the clover.

IV

My eyes about thirty year ago was justy keen an bright  
an now I'm afraid I'd strain em. about a telescopic sight  
But if you keep up your deviltry, mark my words, you'll see it  
Well squeeze ye worse than we did before. But we dont want to do it.  
I cant see no other way, jest now to stop yer mis behavior  
an I'll give my life to make men free, an keep the old flag waving.